

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. IV.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1827.

No. 8.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### A Pennsylvanian Legend.

(Concluded.)

Caspar obeyed the direction, and returned home with a lightened heart. He went to bed but could not sleep a wink for thinking of the adventure of the evening. When he rose in the morning he fancied his hump was less heavy and unwieldy than the day before, and it is related that an old woman of the neighborhood who lived by herself in a little hut, and subsisted principally on charity, and who had come to his house to borrow, or rather to beg a bit of butter and a little tea, could not refrain from saying to him, "La! Mr. Buckel, how well you look this morning." Certain it is however, that from that day there was a gradual and surprising change in his personal appearance. It seemed as if the superabundant bulk of his spider-like body was travelling into his shrunken arms and legs. The bridge of his nose rose from its humble level, and bent itself into a true Roman curve; his cheeks ascended to their proper place, his wrinkles went away one by one, his eyes filled and brightened, his brows darkened, and his chesnut hair curled round the edge of a fine high forehead. In a twelvemonth the transformation was complete. His shoulders had become straight, his limbs well proportioned, and his waist with a little reduction, would have satisfied any fashionable coxcomb that struts Broadway in a corset. His height also had astonishingly increased. Formerly he wanted just an inch of five feet, and now he wanted but an inch of six. I myself have seen the notch where he was measured, in one of the rooms of an old house then occupied as a tavern, and I carefully ascertained its distance from the floor by means of a three-foot rattan, which I commonly carry about with me. Caspar had formerly a great aversion to looking-glasses, but now he consulted his mirror several times a day, and whenever he approached it, he could not help bowing to the graceful stranger whom he saw there.

Caspar's neighbors would not have recognized him after this change, had he not almost from the first forgotten his misanthropy in the delight it gave him. As soon as ever he became satisfied that it was real and progressive, he almost went mad with joy, and could not forbear hugging every body he met. The

elderly ladies all declared that Mr. Buckel had a strange way with him, and the young ran shrieking from these vehement demonstrations of his good will. He mingled in the rustic sports of the young men at trainings, elections, and other holidays, and though a little awkward at first, he soon became a famous leaper and wrestler, and learned to throw a ball and pitch a quoit with as much dexterity as the best of them. Every body began to take a liking to a young man so handsome, good-humoured, and rich; the farmers who had daughters told him it was high time to think of getting married; the matrons expatiated in his presence on the good temper and industry of their girls; and the buxom fair-haired German maidens never laughed so loud as when they thought him within hearing. Caspar, however had not forgotten his first love; and when he again proposed himself in softer phrase to Adelaide Sipple, the blushes came over her fair temples and white neck, but she did not again reject him. They were married amid such fiddling and dancing, such piles of cakes and floods of whiskey, and such a tumult and tempest of rustic rejoicings, as had never before been known in the settlement.

A man of moderate fortune, who has not acquired habits of industry and attentive management of his estate, should content himself with living idly and easily; he cannot afford to live splendidly. Caspar was not aware of the truth of this maxim; he knew that he was richer than his neighbors; but he was no arithmetician, and had never calculated what expences he could incur without lessening his estate. He was resolved that his smiling wife should wear the finest clothes, and ride to church in the finest German waggon, drawn by the finest horses in the place. He loved society, the more, probably, for having been excluded from it in his youth; and sat long and late at the taverns with merry, jesting, catch singing, roaring-blades, from the old countries. He attended all the horse-races he could hear of, at which he betted deeply, and was taken in by the knowing ones. He was fond of hunting and bought a rifle and a couple of hounds, and went into the woods in pursuit of game, day after day, during which the concerns of his farm took care of themselves. By such judicious methods he contrived to get himself pretty deeply in debt; he was dunned; he borrowed money of one man to pay another; at length a testy creditor sued him; his other creditors followed the example, and the unfor-

fortunate man saw all the dogs of the law let loose on him at once. He had not borne his prosperity calmly, and it could not therefore be expected that he should show himself a stoic under misfortune. He grew moody and testy, and a kind of instinct drove him again to ramble in the woods without either his rifle or his dogs, as was his wont in the days of his youth and his deformity. One evening, as he was returning, a little after sunset, he chanced to pass slowly under the bows of the great oak. He was thinking that on the whole he had little reason to thank the kindness of his supernatural friend. "She has made me a handsome fellow," thought he, "but what of that? If I had not been handsome, I should not have run into expences that have made me poor. A man may as well be miserable from deformity as from poverty." At that very moment, a sweet, low voice, from the boughs of the tree, the well-remembered voice that three years before he had heard at nightfall on that very spot, articulated his name. He looked up, and saw the same calm features of unearthly loveliness and youth, with a smile playing about the beautiful mouth. "I know thy thoughts, Caspar," said the apparition, "and thy misfortunes, and it shall not be my fault if thou art not happy. Dig on the north side of the trunk of this tree, just under the extremity of that long branch which points toward the ground, and there thou wilt find what, if thou art reasonable, will suffice thy wishes. Replace the earth carefully." Caspar was of too impatient a temperament to defer for a moment the enjoyment of his good fortune. He went immediately for a spade. On his return he again looked up to the place where he had beheld the vision, but he saw only the brown bark of the tree visible in a strong gleam of twilight, and the neighboring boughs and foliage moving and murmuring in the night-wind that was just beginning to rise. He turned up the earth at the spot which had been pointed out to him, and took out a large jar of money and then shovelled back the mould, and pressed the turf into its place.

On examining the coins in the jar, they proved to be Spanish and Portuguese pieces of a pretty ancient date, all of them at least half a century old, some still older. Among the many persons from whom I have gathered the particulars of the tradition I am recording, I have not met with one who could satisfactorily explain the circumstance of the money being found in that place. It could not be the coinage of the apparition, for it was not to be supposed that she was the proprietor of a mint, and if she were, why should the coins be so old? As to the suggestion that it was buried there by Captain Kidd, the pirate, I do not think it worthy of notice, for I hold it certain that he concealed his money elsewhere, though it is not for my interest, at present, to reveal the particular spot. Besides, what should the Captain be

doing in the woods of Pennsylvania, more than a hundred miles from the sea coast?

Caspar cared not however when the pieces were coined, nor by whom; he was not accustomed to speculate upon his good fortune, but to enjoy it. He held, that if there is any pleasure in the extreme exercise of speculation, there is as much opportunity for it afforded by bad luck as by good, and he chose not to confound things which appeared to him so completely different. After paying off all his creditors, he gave a grand entertainment at his house, to which all his neighbors, for several miles round, were invited, and among the rest the testy creditor who had set the example of bringing a process against him. This fellow got as drunk as a lord on the whiskey of the man, whom a few weeks ago, he would have ruined, and hugged his generous entertainer with tears in his eyes. As he was too far gone to find his own way home, Caspar ordered out his great Pennsylvania waggon, drawn by two spirited horses, and driven by a shining-faced black fellow; the maudlin hero was lifted into the hinder seat, and nodding majestically as he went, was whirled home in that sublime condition.

It took less than half the gold of which Caspar became possessed in this extraordinary way, to satisfy all his debts; and the sight of the remainder, blinking and smiling in the capacious jar, was not likely to suggest to his mind any very strong motives for leaving off his habits of idleness and expense. His only study seemed how to get rid of his money, and in this laudible design fortune seemed willing to assist him. About this time, Nicholas Vadokin, the schoolmaster who had penned the unfortunate epistle of Caspar to Adelaide, having saved a little money by his vocation, set up a shop in the neighborhood, which he furnished from Philadelphia with dry goods, and groceries, and all that miscellaneous collection of merchandize to be found in the store of a country trader. Nicholas was a cunning Hanoverian, with a shrewd hazel eye and brassy complexion. He was a prompt, ready spoken man, who could turn his hand to any thing and having come to the United States to make his fortune, he would have thought himself convicted of want of perseverance and enterprise, had he suffered himself to be diverted from his object by any trifling scruples of conscience. For four years he had flogged the children of the place for a livelihood, and he now resolved to try whether any thing could be made by fawning on their parents. To Mr. Buckel, as the richest man in the neighborhood, he was particularly attentive and obsequious. He always offered him a glass of bad wine whenever he came to his shop; talked to him of his wealth, his horses, his waggon, and his dogs; listened with profound interest to long stories of his hunting exploits; and though he scorned to flatter a man to his face,



hinted that he ought to be a candidate for the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. He was so conscientious as to let him have all the goods for which he had occasion, at first cost; and whenever one of his loaded waggon arrived from Philadelphia, he never failed to take his patron aside, and tell him of such and such articles, which he had purchased expressly on his account, all which, the good natured Caspar was always sure to take off his hands. Caspar soon came to be a daily frequenter to the shop, and he never called without making a purchase; for the ingenious Nicholas had always a reason for his taking almost every article he had. One thing was necessary, another convenient, one was fashionable, another indispensable to a man of his fortune and character; this was wonderfully cheap, and that was wonderfully rare; and how could he refuse to be guided by the advice of his excellent and disinterested friend, who was so attentive to his convenience, and who let him have everything at cost. In a short time Caspar found the bottom of his jar; his money was gone, but his habits of expense were not easily shaken off; and being pressed for cash, he applied to his friend Nicholas. Nicholas showed himself truly his friend; for he counted out to him the sum he wanted, with many smiles and protestations of delight at being able to do him a service, and took a mortgage of his estate.

The story of the mortgage soon took air, and immediately afterwards, Caspar, finding himself without money found himself without credit also. In his embarrassment he again went to Nicholas for assistance, but his disinterested friend unfortunately had not the means of helping him farther. A day or two after he called at the shop for the purpose of beginning a new score; but Nicholas informed him, with a very solemn look, that although there was no man in the world whom he would go farther to serve than his very good friend Mr. Buckel, yet his duty to his family obliged him to give credit to those only whose circumstances justified the expectation that they would pay; he added, however, that he should be exceedingly happy to supply him with any thing he wanted for ready cash.—Caspar stood for a moment as if thunderstruck, and the next, his rage prevailing over his astonishment, he levelled a blow at the Hanoverian, which would infallibly have knocked him down, had he not wisely avoided it by ducking under the counter. Caspar returned home to digest his mortification as he could, and the blue devils followed him and fastened upon him. He felt the thirst of Tantalus, a continual craving for expense, with no means of satisfying it; it seemed to him as if all the rest of the world were rolling in wealth, buying and selling, driving fine horses, and feasting each other like princes, while he, poor fellow, had not a beggarly doit to spend. He grew meagre

and hollow-eyed, and walked about with his hands in his pockets, looking vacantly at the geese nipping the grass before his door, and the hens wallowing in the sand of the road, and jerking it over their backs with their wings. At last he thought of the vision he had seen in the oak. "I will see her again," thought he; "who knows but she may relieve me a second time?" He sat off for the tree that very evening. It was an October night, and he lingered under it till the grass grew silvery with the frost, but she did not appear. The next evening he repaired to the same spot, and looked with a still more intense anxiety for her appearance, but saw only the boughs struggling with the wind, and the dropping leaves. The third evening he was more successful; she was there, but her look was sad and reproachful. At times the gusts that swept by would rudely toss her hair above her forehead and against the trunk of the tree; and then, as they subsided, it would fall down again on each side of her fine countenance. "I had hoped, Caspar," said the vision, with a mournful voice, that seemed like an articulate sigh, "to have reserved for some more pressing need of thine, the last favour that is in my power to bestow upon thee. I have observed thy nightly visits to my shade; I know thy motive; I know that thou wilt be unhappy if my bounty is withheld; and I cannot forget that thou wast born under my boughs, and that thy intercession has preserved me from the axe. Between the two roots that diverge eastward from my trunk, thou wilt find a portion of what the children of men value more than all the other gifts of heaven. Replace the turf over my roots, and remember that this is the last of my benefits." Caspar dug eagerly in the spot, for he had been provident enough to bring his spade with him, and joyfully carried home a jar of money of the same figure and capacity with the former.

It were long to tell by what methods Caspar contrived to get rid of the second donation of the lady of the oak. To do him justice, he set out with the firmest resolutions of frugality and economy, and actually kept the gold by him three days without touching a moidore. But when he came to raise the mortgage of his friend Nicholas, and to satisfy some other debts that were a little troublesome, the habit of paying out money, being once re-admitted, obstinately kept possession. His old propensity to extravagance returned upon him with a violence that swept all his resolutions away. It is true, that when he saw his finances nearly exhausted, he made some praiseworthy attempts to repair them. It is whispered that he gambled a little with certain smooth-spoken, well-dressed emigrants from the country of his fathers; and it is very certain that he bought lottery tickets, drew blanks, bought others, and had the satisfaction of drawing an additional number of blanks.

Suffice it to say, that Caspar saw himself growing poor, and, as he had no taste for the pleasures of such a condition, he determined to make a desperate effort to shoot beyond the circle of the whirlpool that threatened to carry him down. He was well satisfied that he should get nothing by applying to the lady of the oak, but he could not help suspecting that there was more gold buried under her boughs. "The two jars," said he to himself, "were concealed in different places, both near the same tree, which served as a kind of mark by which to find them again; and who knows how many more are lying scattered about the same spot? I will search at least; if there is any gold there, it is a pity it should lie useless in the earth, and if there is not, I shall lose nothing." The very next morning he loaded his black servant and another laborer with pick-axes, spades, and hoes, and sent them to dig about and under the tree, with instructions to bring him immediately whatever curious or remarkable thing they might find there. He was ashamed to go to the spot himself, for he felt that he had abused the gifts of his benefactress and was now repaying her kindness with ingratitude. In the evening the laborers returned, having found nothing but a few fragments of a glass bottle, and complained that the water from the rivulet that ran near the tree, soaked through the earth and filled the excavations they were making. Caspar ordered them to dam it up a few rods near its source and turn it into a new channel.

It was July, and a severe drought prevailed all over the country. The pastures looked red and sun-burnt; the hardy house-plantain, before Caspar's door, rolled up its leaves like a segar; the birds were silent; the cattle drooped; nothing was cheerful and lively but the grasshoppers, who always swarm thickest and chirp merriest, in dry seasons, and the poultry, who chased and caught them by the sides of the road. The poor oak, almost undermined and deprived of the moisture of its rivulet, was the saddest looking tree in the whole country; its leaves grew yellow and rusty, and dropped off one by one; and it is said that once, when Caspar was looking towards it from one of the back windows of the house, just as the twilight set in, he fancied he saw again that fair, sad face, among the boughs and a white shadowy arm, beckoning him to approach. But he hardened his heart, and turned away from the sight, and the next morning his labourers went on with their task.

One afternoon, on a day of uncommon heat, as Caspar was engaged at a tavern in bargaining for a pair of horses, with a jockey who had come twenty miles on purpose to cheat him, the laborers were driven from their work by a furious tempest. The woods roared and bent in the violent wind and the heavy rain, and a thousand new streams were at once formed, which ran winding all over the open

country, like so many serpents. The brook that formerly ran by the oak, broke over the barrier which diverted it from its course, and coming down the hill, with a vast body of water, ploughed for itself a new channel through the excavations of Caspar's workmen, and completed the undermining of the tree. At last a strong gust took it by the top and laid it on its side, with its long roots sticking up in the air. Caspar's family beheld its fall from the windows.

Two hours afterwards there was a clear sky and a bright sun shining on the glistening earth, and the wet roofs of Caspar's buildings were smoking in the warm rays. A little pot-bellied, man with an enormous hump on his shoulders, small, thin legs and arms, and hideous features, dressed in a suit of clothes that seemed to have been made for a man much taller and straighter than himself, the collar of his coat standing erect about a foot from his neck, entered the house, and began to issue his commands to the servants with an air of authority. At first they only smiled at his conduct, supposing him to be insane, and offered him some broken victuals and a cup of cider. At this he flew into a great rage, and swore he was Caspar Buckel himself the master of the house. Finding that he grew troublesome, they sent for Mrs. Buckel, who was beginning to talk soothingly to him, with a view of persuading him to leave the house, but what was her astonishment, when the misshapen being insisted that he was her husband. Shocked and frightened at this proof of his madness, she ordered the laborer and the black fellow to put him out of the house, which they effected with some difficulty, while he struggled, scratched, bit, foamed at the mouth, and declared with a thousand oaths, that he was Caspar Buckel, their master. When they had got him out of the door, and had disengaged themselves from him, the black gave him a stroke with the long horsewhip that he used in driving his master's horses, and calling out the dogs, set them upon him. The deformed creature scampered before them into a neighboring wood, and then the negro called them off.

Caspar did not return that night, and the next morning Mrs. Buckel sent to the tavern to inquire for him, but without learning anything satisfactory concerning him.—The landlord recollected that he was there about the middle of the tempest, but could not say when he left the house; he mentioned, also, that after the sky began to clear, a little hunch-backed man had asked at his bar for a glass of whiskey and having paid for it, he immediately went away. As for the jockey, he had gone off with his horses just before the storm began having been unable to drive such a bargain with Mr. Buckel as he wished.

Mrs. Buckel continued her searches and inquiries for six weary months, after which she



concluded that her husband was dead, and remained disconsolate for six months longer. At the end of this period she gave her hand to a young fellow of New-England, who had fallen in love with her plump, round face, and well stocked farm. As for Caspar, he was never heard of again; but the old people say that the woods north of his widow's house are haunted at twilight by the figure of a hunch-backed little man, skipping over the fallen trees, and running into gloomy thickets as soon as your eye falls on him, as if to avoid the sight of man.

### The Smugglers.

I had been a soldier even from my childhood—I had been in many a battle—upon my breast, upon my brow, deep scars were visible.—I lost a limb, and I bethought me of my mountain home—the stream, the dark woods—the cottage on the green hill side.—I returned to that pleasant home—I took to my bosom a fair young wife—she made me the father of a beauteous boy; on her white breast she nursed that boy, and she fondly cradled him in her arms, I forgot that I had been a man of blood, and was happy in my peaceful cottage. Our neighbors were peasants; their limbs were brawny and muscular. Many of them were smugglers; nor did they regard their calling as criminal.—Their fathers had lived and died in its practice: they regarded the wretched trade of smuggling as a birth-right; and they loved it the better for its dangers. In the side of the hills near to the clear streams, they dug themselves huts; where in the darkness of the night, amidst the storm, in the wild wind they met to prosecute their lawless calling.

It was winter; snow was upon the hill—upon the wood—upon the ice bound river.—In every village arose smoke from distilleries licensed by the law; but no smoke arose from the fireless hearth of the wretched smuggler; and even had there been fuel, there was no food for the smuggler's board; a draught of water from the half frozen spring—a cake of oaten bread—such was his children's fare. Yet would the young mother raise her meek eyes to heaven, and ere she broke the bread, would bless it with a mother's blessing. The arm of the law was now stretched forth to desolate the smuggler's huts. From the arms of the fond wife, from the breast of the pale bride, those miserable, those wild uneducated men, were dragged to become things of shame. With tears did the wife water her lone couch—with tears did the babe call upon its father's name—he was in prison—aye, in prison; and when those mourners assembled at their sad meal, their hearts were broken. Yet the smugglers, those dwellers of the hills, were peaceful men; and from their thatched roofs I have oft times heard arise the sounds of heart-ejaculated prayer.

Sarah Beaton was a maiden of rare loveliness; meekness and purity beamed forth from her face of beauty—from her dark loving eyes; her long black hair fell in braided tresses. To the old pair with whom she lived, Sarah was somewhat between a child and a domestic. They loved her much—who would not have loved her, that gentle girl? and dearly did they love her, as they beheld her in the light—the loveliness of her young charms!—Sarah was the daughter of a smuggler; dear to her were those law-forgetting-people; and she wept in purity and in maiden pity over their proscribed and desolated state. I had heard that a party of soldiers were about to be sent into our quiet glen. I felt for those devoted men; for I had seen dark unquiet looks among them: and I feared that they would rise up in wrath and that blood would be shed. One of the peasants—I knew him well—wandered from house to house begging alms. He seemed to be lame and maimed; but under the disguising beard, the matted hair, I recognise the fiery eye, the wide nostril like that of the war-horse—the high manly forehead of Alan Grahame. He was a youth of much promise: gentle to the guiding hand, when in kindness it was extended; but where insult was offered to his young blood, his bold spirit like that of the wood-lion, would rise up within him. I saw him wandering from hut to hut in secrecy and in disguise. I spoke mildly to him; with a dark look he turned away. On the morning the soldiers were expected in our glen; there was a spirit of mystery stirring abroad; and as I stood in the door of my cottage, groupes of men passed by. They seemed restless and troubled; they spoke in low whispering; their eyes glared, and they looked as if they thirsted for blood. They were armed in something like war-like fashion; a rusty sword—a broken musket—an oaken staff; the weapon mattered not. They passed onward, firmly, steadily; bounding with active strength across the brook—over the hanging cliff—on—on to the dark wood. Before the hour of noon sixty men were concealed beneath its branches. Then came upon the ear strains of martial music—the hoarse thunders of the drum—the shrill whistle of the fife and then, over the high hill, was seen a file of soldiers, marching with the firm step of British veterans, their muskets glittering in the sun, the scarlet of their dress gleaming up richly from the white snow. They have crossed the ford; they are beyond the mill, they are in the dark wood; and now the smugglers those wild despairing men, fiercer than beasts of prey, rush from their lurking places, to close in mortal struggle with their fellows; with men, who like themselves, have homes, and loving partners, and children.—Now the firing has ceased—the soldiers are fleeing down the hill—the smugglers with mad glee, are returning to their huts to clasp their wives

in their blood stained arms. From their frantic joy, I turned away sadly and in silence. I went up to the dark wood; blood, blood was all around me: the earth was crimsoned with that life stream; I heard low heart rending moans; they were uttered by a wounded soldier. I took him to my home; I laid him upon my bed; I dressed his wounds; and I prayed to the giver of life that he might live.

Ere that night fell, I saw Alan pass my door. Irons were on his wrists; he was guarded by soldiers; his head had sunk down low on his broad chest; he walked feebly, supported by a soldier's arm. Whither had his young strength fled? After sometime, the judge came to the trial of his wretched prisoner. He was a mild, melancholy man; his forehead was pale and calm—his large and downcast eyes told that he was occupied with inward musings; his stooping figure indicated bygone sorrow; it might be sin. Many witnesses were examined; but on the evidence of Sarah Beaton hung Alan's life. It matters not to my story how this happened. She was there, that sad maiden—pale, motionless as marble. Had it not been for the convulsive movements about her mouth, she would not have looked like a thing of life. The counsel and the judge questioned her; and there was a working in her breast, and in her throat, as tho' she felt the death-struggle within her heart, but she had to speak the truth before her God, and her words were fatal to the unhappy man. She spake in low broken sounds once even her large lustrous eyes turned towards Alan. His head was bent upon his folded hands; from his forehead started the sweat-drops till they ran down his cheeks like rain. Upon his face Sarah once looked; the soul of a sorrowing loving woman was in her gaze; then she bent low her head and folded her arms upon her breast, and left the court with a sad step.

Alan's brother was a fierce unhappy lad; his passions were wild as the course of the mountain stream; and as Sarah passed him, his dark brow was bent frowningly upon her and his wide chest heaved like a sea, and he uttered curses and threats of vengeance. She hears him not! Sarah Beaton had nothing now to do with life. On the following morning she went forth—in her beauty she went; as in our father's days went the damsel Rachel to the well of Haran, so went Sarah Beaton to draw water from the spring. In summer, it was a wild place of loveliness; those clear waters bubbling up from the rock in the depth of the lone glade, the birch trees bending in their leafy fragrance over the cool stream: now the trees were leafless, like ghosts of their former selves, and the clouds lowered, and the wind blew. Sarah moved slowly on in her pale sweetness; her black hair waved in the blast ere she stooped the pitcher into the well, she threw back her arms to bind up those long

tresses; from the wood came a flash; a sound; a bullet—another; and the maiden fell back upon the earth, and the blood gushed from her breast and its crimson tide mingled with the snow!

## THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee  
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

MY DEAR W.—If in your travels you would seek out a country which would give you pleasure and inspire those feelings which the sublime will ever give rise to—I would advise you to let their course be shaped along the banks and through the valleys of the Susquehannah: At the junction of the two branches of this river, there is a grand display of the beautiful. The town of Northumberland, surrounded by mountains, is itself built on a little plain on the extreme point of that land which separates the two great branches, coming from the north and west, and mingling their waters to pay tribute mutually to the great Atlantic through the Chesapeake Bay. Opposite Northumberland, on the west, is a high and almost perpendicular bluff, on which, from its romantic situation and extensive command of the surrounding country, J. Mason, Esq. has erected an elegant mansion house, which sits like an isolated palace in the clouds—receiving the beams of the morning sun long ere he deigns to throw his beauties upon the lowly bosom of the river, which branching off to the North, West, and South forms an immense Y which may be seen for many miles, its banks interspersed with several elegant towns and villages. Here in the spring of the year, when the river bursts its icy fetters and swells in its banks, may be seen arks, rafts, &c. mingled together in the great stream, pursuing one and the same market for their produce, and timber, but coming from two wild and distinct courses. The construction of these arks is laborious and expensive, but the vast number made and the quantity of grain, &c. conveyed in them is almost incalculable. Hundreds pass down, each containing probably 1500 bushels of wheat, in the course of a few weeks—these arks never return—consequently the road from Harrisburg, through Seling's grove, Deerstown and through the Loyalrock's gap, to Williamsport, and so on to the state of New-York, is thronged with hundreds of persons on foot who are here familiarly termed "*Yankees*" who have "*been down to tide.*" But I must not forget Williamsport where I am at present: it is one of the prettiest situated places on the West branch about 35 miles above Northumberland. Like most of the towns in this region it is surrounded by mountains peering to the clouds, on whose summits game of every description may be found. It lies on the bank of the river in a beautiful and rich valley, and is the capital of



Lycoming county. The Court House here far surpasses that of your city, in beauty and convenience, and there are other very fine edifices in the borough. For a few years past travelling has considerably increased here, and perhaps I shall be no false prophet if I predict that in the course of a few more years this section of our country will be as much the tour of the man of pleasure, as is now the state of New-York. Men will seek out new scenes of recreation—and when the falls of Niagara—your Springs and your Mountain House shall become familiar—the valleys and mountains of the Susquehannah will find votaries in the gay and the fashionable, who need but visit them to be pleased. P.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

#### The Stream of Life.

The following beautiful passage is from a sermon preached by Bishop Heber to his parishioners, a short time before his departure for India in 1823.

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which pass before us; we are excited by some short lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by equally short lived disappointment.—But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of his waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and Eternal.

"And do we yet take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which are gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience, that the Creator only is per-

manent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even the world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in his mercies.

The late Rev. John Murray was distinguished for the poignancy of his wit, and talent for repartee. On a certain time, when meeting his friends to celebrate some festive occasion, and the joys of Bacchus were resorted to, as a heightener of social merriment he was accosted with "Mr. Murray, don't you drink?" "Drink!" retorted he, "yes that I do—I drink like a beast." He yet refrained from helping himself over liberally to the use of the bottle, (as every one else present did,) which one of his companions remarking, observed, "why, Mr. Murray, how absent you are—I thought you said you drank like a beast." "And so I do," rejoined the preacher, "for a beast, when he has drank enough, desists from drinking; and so have I."

A young lady being sick, a physician was sent for to feel her pulse; she being very coy and loath he should touch her naked skin, pulled her shirt over her hand; the doctor observed it, took a corner of his coat and laid it on her shirt sleeve; at which a lady that stood by wondered; O madam, said he, *a linen pulse must always have a woolen physician.*

A young Attorney lately attempted to quiz a country parson, who had a large tobacco box.—"Parson," said the limb of the law, "your box is large enough to hold the freedom of a corporation." "Sir," retorted the Sprig of divinity, "it will hold any freedom but *yours.*"

### SUMMARY.

"The Legend of the Rock," a new work, is in the New-York press, written by a deaf and dumb youth named James Mack, only seventeen years of age.

An incomplete return of the number of newspaper stamps used the last year gives 26, 980, 552; the number of newspaper sheets printed in Great Britain. They pay a duty of four pence sterling each to government.

*A Western Novel.*—Mrs. Dumont of Veva, Indiana, has nearly in readiness, for publication an historical tale of considerable length, the principal character of which is the celebrated Indian warrior, Tecumseh. This lady is favorably known as a writer of talents in the Western Periodicals.

### MARRIED,

At Cairo, on Monday the 3d inst by the Rev. Mr. Beers, Mr. Oramel Bosworth of Catskill, to Mrs. Rebecca Gale.

### DIED,

In this city, on the 1st inst. Edgar, son of Ichabod and Eliza Rodgers, aged 2 years.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Some years ago a young lady in crossing the Susquehannah river being unacquainted with the management of a canoe—which is easily upset—accidentally precipitated herself into the stream and was drowned. She was to have been married in a few days to a young gentleman who perceived the accident from the opposite bank and who endeavored ineffectually to rescue her. He was so powerfully affected by the calamity that he was scarcely ever seen to smile afterwards, and died with the consumption, in about a year. The circumstance has given rise to the following lines from your friend—

Soft Susquehannah! on thy bank,  
When far the lights of day had fled;  
And deeply all thy plains had drank,  
The dewy moisture of thy bed:  
How often have I fondly strayed,  
With one dear and enchanting maid,  
Whose soul with mine in fondness mingled,  
And wove the gentle hopes of Love;  
How often have I flowrets singled  
From thy rude or verdant grove;  
And wove them in a chaplet fair,  
To deck that loved one's raven hair;  
That I her gentle smile might win,  
Or steal from her bright lips a kiss;  
And find her censure for that sin,  
A challenge to repeat the bliss.  
Oh! those were hours of rich delight,  
Too fond to be for ever bright;  
Yet then I dreamed that they might last,  
And Hope still flattered me with smiles;  
But disappointments rude may blast,  
The visions of its thousand wiles:  
Oh she was fair, and her I loved,  
And she I knew would have been mine;  
But that misfortunes direful, proved  
The suddenness of life's decline.  
Her lips were bright—her eyes were keen,  
Her mein as pure as angel's mein;  
And every act of her's did prove,  
The very excellence of Love.  
And all her loves, her hopes, or fears,  
Were chaste as smile that Virtue wears;  
Or pure as plumage glittering on  
The milk white dove or snowy swan.  
We sported on the tide of hope,  
But that its smiles were false we found;  
With Fate's rude blast we could not cope,  
And it encompass'd us around.  
Oh still it seems a horrid dream—  
That shout upon mine ear,  
When I did hear her struggling scream,  
Without a hope of rescue near.  
It was a shriek of hopeless wo,  
I dashed in the remorseless wave,  
But oh! alas! I only know,  
She found a watery grave.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I seized her form all wet and chill,  
As cold as death, and, oh! as still.  
Ah, now no more that lip shall smile—  
No more my fond impress beguile!  
Her dream of life hath fled at last,  
And mine—oh, let it hasten past!

In yonder grove, she calmly sleeps;  
There oft at midnight I repair;  
And oh! one pang that o'er me creeps,  
Half drives me to despair.  
The world hath lost her smile to me,  
The joys of Hope and Love are fled;  
And fate hath but reserved for me,  
A weary walk to join the dead.

Williamsport, Pa. August, 1827.

P.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### EARLY HOME.

I pass'd the blooming bow'rs  
Which once my childhood knew—  
Decay'd and dead the lovely flow'rs  
Now slumber'd where they grew,  
Cold Autumn's blast  
Had hurried past  
And kill'd them where they grew,

I sought each early friend,  
Who once held forth a hand;  
But over some the willows bend—  
The rest have left the land:  
Ah! some are dead,  
And others fled  
To some far distant land.

I sought again the room  
Where once the ball had been;  
But now it told of naught but gloom,  
And dreary was the scene:  
No sound was there,  
And in despair  
I left the dreary scene.

My heart was sick and sad,  
My bosom throb'd with pain—  
Those days were gone when I was glad,  
Ne'er to return again:  
And now I mourn  
O'er moments gone,  
Ne'er to return again.

HENRY.

### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Tren-ton.

PUZZLE II.—Cot-ton.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

It is in the Deity—not in the God;  
It is in all earthly—but 'tis not in sod;  
It is in eternity—though not in time;  
It is not in verses—but ever in rhyme;  
It is in the sky—but it is not in air;  
And the clouds, you may seek them in vain for it there  
It is in all money—and yet not in cent;  
It is in the army—but not in the tent;  
It is not in wit—but you'll find it in witty;  
It is in no town—but 'tis always in city;  
It is in each country—but in no foreign land;  
But my answer by seeking, is at your command.

II.

Why is the letter O like the President of the United States?

### RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.